Which 1400. yeers ago were naild,
For our aduantage on the bitter croſſe.
But this our purpoſe now is twelue month old,
And bootleſſe t'is to tell you we wil goe.
Therefore we meet not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cooſen Weſtmerland,
What yeſter night our Counſell did decree
In forwarding this deere expedience.
Weſt. My liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet downe
But yeſternight, when all athwart there came
A poſt from Wales, loaden with heauy newes,
Whoſe worſt was that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herdforſhire to fight
Againſt the irregular, and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
A thouſand of his people butchered,
Vpon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly ſhameleſſe transformation
By thoſe Welchwomen done, as may not be
Without much ſhame, retold, or ſpoken of.
King. It ſeemes then that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our buſineſſe for the holy Land.
Weſt. This matcht with other did my gracious L.
For more vneuen and vnwelcome newes
Came from the North, and thus it did import,
On holy roode day, the gallant Hotſpur there,
Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,
That euer valiant and approued Scot,
At Holmedon met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloudy houre:
As by diſcharge of their artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horſe
Vncertaine of the iſſue any way.
King. Here is deare, a true induſtrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horſe.

Stain'd

Stain'd with the variation of each ſoile,
Betwixt that Holmedon, and this ſeate of ours:
And he hath brought vs ſmoothe and welcome newes,
The Earle of *Douglas* is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold Scots, two and twentie knights
Balkt in their owne blood. Did ſir Walter ſee
On Holmedons plaines, of priſoners Hotſpur tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldeſt ſonne
To beaten Douglas, and the Earle of Athol,
Of Murrey, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honorable ſpoile?
A gallant prize? Ha cooſen, is it not? In faith it is.
Weſt. A conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.
King. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to ſo bleſt a ſonne:
A ſonne who is the theame of honors tongue,
Amongſt a groue the very ſtraighteſt plant,
Who is ſweet fortunes minion and her pride,
Whilſt I by looking on the praiſe of him
See ryot and diſhonour ſtaine the brow
Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd
That ſome night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle clothes our children where they lay,
And cal'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet,
Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you cooſe
Of this young Percies pride? The priſoners
Which he in this aduenture hath ſurpriz'd
To his owne vſe, he keepes and ſends me word,
I ſhall haue none but Mordake Earle of Fife.
Weſt. This is his vncles teaching: This is Worceſter,
Maleuolent to you in all aſpects,
Which makes him prune himſelfe, and briſtle vp
The creſt of youth againſt your dignitie.
King. But I haue ſent for him to anſwere this:
And for this cauſe, a while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to Ieruſalem.